

SOULSCRIPT

ONE HUNDRED FORTY-SECOND DISCOURSE

Self-Consciousness:

The Business of Finding Out the True Nature of
Our Errands to Ourselves Life by Life



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These Are My Pronouncements

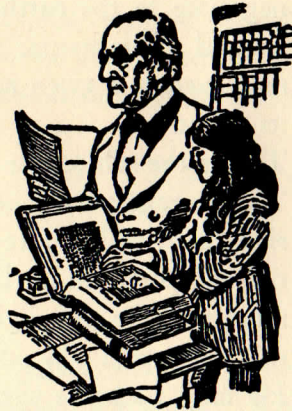


THESE are my pronouncements: in that ye have said, Elder Brother, instruct us that we may be wise, so have ye reported yourselves unto the Host as being of profit in the plight now upon you. In that ye have said, Father, forgive men for they know not what they do, so have ye said, Father, forgive us our earthly transgressions, yea even again that doctrine which beholdeth our divinity. I come bringing you a fairer cup than any ye have quaffed; I come offering you a sweeter book than any ye have sung from. I come offering you myself, and in that ye partake of me, ye have knowledge of your godhood of which ye are essence. May your goodly ministrations be as a lodestone drawing earthly men unto you, that they may see your goodly works and believe in the Father: may the thoughts of your hearts be as wisdom eternal to bring the lost sheep to the fold of tranquillity. Thus I send you forth to minister unto others: thus I give you errand where men sit together . . . Arise and do a goodly labor in this, my vineyard, and when the workers assemble in purity may they know you for your ministries: those who have endured to gain unto greatness!

PEACE



The Business of Finding Out the Nature of Our Errands to Ourselves Life By Life



ONE HUNDRED FORTY-SECOND DISCOURSE

DEAR SPIRITUAL FRIENDS THROUGHOUT AMERICA:



THOUSAND times a year the poignant inquiry comes to Soulcraft, "What does one do to determine what his particular life errand is supposed to be in any given incarnation? Can you help me to answer it at present in respect to myself?" It is not so much that these questioners are confused—as a man may be confused who has taken a wrong road. They are totally without cues as to why they have set out on such a road in the first place.

Everyone enters into mortality, so the Higher Instruction tells us, to perform some sort of errand, do a definite business, or pay specific obligations to those he may have become his karmic creditors in lives earlier lived. The type of person who incarnates as a citizen of average intellectual worth in a nation like modern America is by no means a "young soul" who simply comes in for practice in the exercise of physical living. Most of us have long since had experiences enough in flesh *as* flesh, so that we are perfectly at home in mortal bodies or in filling a role in earthly society. The caste of soul who makes a business of incarnating in a country as advanced as America in this Twentieth Century, must have some special business to

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negotiate in the earth-scene and it would seem to be reasonable that he learned of its nature and purpose to guide him in advance. How can a man execute a given mission without understanding clearly its purport and its features?

This is the subject we have to consider in this Soulscript.

The average person in life, granting he hears anything about a "life mission in mortality", feels like a man alighted from a train on a strange railroad platform in the dark of early morning, all inhabitants of the community asleep, few lights burning. Well might he ask himself, "Where is this place, and why am I in it? What am I supposed to do here?"

He may walk the silent and empty streets, before darkened housefronts. He has seen a thousand towns like it but does not recognize this one town in particular. But in his head lodges small sense of his own identity or errand. Like a man in amnesia, he feels there is some reason why he came to the place but if his life depended upon it, he couldn't describe it. Why then should he be held responsible for his conduct when the sun comes up and community life awakens?

Suppose we learn as we can what higher authorities have to say about this Special Mission in Mortality, and what, if anything, we are supposed to profit by the altogether odd fact of not recalling consciously why we should have prescribed this playing the roles in earth-life we now find ourselves filling.

Particularly should we get clear in our minds exactly what we are doing when we go introspective on ourselves, for obviously we are groping for something not commonly recognized consciously. We have plenty of people ready to believe that introspection is but a blind gesture to find in the subconscious some cue or inkling that discloses our prenatal reasonings which have led to our coming into mortality at the etheric rate we have, and amid the worldly associations, domestic and otherwise, in which we have beheld ourselves since childhood. But mayhap real introspection is not this particular quest at all. The mere "looking into ourselves" may not necessarily mean that prenatal mental processes are readily apparent for review or overhaul by the conscious mortal mind in the present. Introspection, in other words, is not self-induced hypnotherapy.

That our enlightenment may be accurate in its details, suppose we ask divine assurance that those who come explaining this vast earth predicament be reliable counsellors who instruct us in both compassion and righteousness.

I N V O C A T I O N

By the Chaplain

OMNIPOTENT CELESTIAL RULER:



WE COME to the fount of knowledge again, seeking further enlightenment in cosmic fundamentals. We would know how our behaviors are regarded by the Wise Ones, whether we are following true beacons for progress in attainments that merit Thine approval. We would behold ourselves as in a mirror held before us by Omnipotence.

Of old it has been promised us: Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you. Likewise do we have the adage before us, when the pupil is ready, the teacher appears.

By our seeking and our knocking we would manifest that we are pupils ready to receive the benefactions from the Teacher. But we ask for Pure Doctrine, without self-seeking in it, without aims being served that adulate vanities. Verily has the world been surfeited by precepts that would glorify leaders by worldly acclaim. We ask for instruction that lifts us upon octaves of celestial inspiration, that acquaints us with principles of eternal application, that gives us imperishable satisfaction in that the wisdom propounded us imperishable.

In Thy hands we leave it, Omnipotent Father, that the intelligence we seek, finds its way to our ears, that the guides and flanges of infallible Love keep us on a true track till knowledge has ennobled us. Prosper us in thus searching for wisdom until we have located and entered the Great Throne Room of Intellect whose volumes of enigmas become as primers for our readings.

In the name of the Teacher of Teachers we implore it . .

AMEN AND AMEN!

Commissions and Introspections

DEAR SOULCRAFT STUDENTS:



WE ARE far enough along in this instruction by now to start asking questions about the application of the Wisdom to ourselves as individuals.

If people return into mortality to serve specific purposes, how shall we determine our own commissions of current lives, and by what standards shall we know that such identifying is correct? Are we not rational in questioning a system that dispatches a given individual upon a journey running into years, yet saying to him in effect, "It should become apparent to you, when you have reached your destination, why you have gone there?"

Why can we not have the specific purpose we expect each life to serve made known from its very beginning? Or is some special merit being served by seeming to proceed blindly, trusting to circumstances that they give us tutoring in some attribute or attributes we lack? How could we possibly be deterred or thwarted by having our mortal goals ever recognized clearly? Most important of all, what truly is at work when introspection assails us? Can it be that introspection is the ever insistent self-inquiry to discover positively if we can what experiences we are inviting that such blind life-brevet be served?

Or projecting it upon higher octaves, which system of soul-education is the most profitable—that which is suffered blindly or that which is suffered knowingly? If we knew positively in every instance why we had made the fleshly incursion, would it mean that we might shirk certain drastic phases, or avoid certain crises and dilemmas that deliver us our full quota of mental increment when we proceed into and through them ignorantly?

WE HAVE a Mentor Preachment which we are coming to in a moment, that analyzes and defines Introspection. It is easy to take the viewpoint that Introspection is really nothing else than each soul seeking to recall what it considered as its deficiency, which another career in mortality would mend. Our Mentor will tell us that having embarked on a given

earthly career—that is to be conditioned by factors of parentage, nationalism, and economic largess or lack of it—we shall receive what we need irrespective of whether we do it consciously or not—receive it from the God Prescription of ordeal in encountering the world as we later discover it. Nevertheless, the hunger remains in each and every one of us to have the causation for our current incarnation rendered clearly and logically before us at all times. Between these two, the God Prescription as indicated by Circumstance and the mortal desire to be allowed to judge the proper increments as we go along, we are torn intellectually.

What shall we do about it?

Seeking a satisfactory answer, we are called to face the possibility that if we *knew* positively the specific deficiencies that have brought us into a new incarnation, we would blanch and run from certain rigorous phases of it that ignorance puts us through regardless.

What we need the more generous enlightenment in, it seems, is this challenge presented by Introspection. We look *into* ourselves, it seems, in Introspection, and seek to get our cues from our subconscious reactions to event . . . not only passing occurrence but the whole plan and program of Experience as we are called to suffer it. But does it get us what we're after? Introspection it appears, is merely the judging of our characters against the background of our *own* past experiences, strictly personal, and the experiences of our contemporary species with collective past experiences. It would be better, the Mentor thinks, if we relied on the latter than on the former. We come into life to test ourselves against the accomplishments of our species as a *whole*—the common run of species progression—not necessarily the accomplishments of our own souls up the lives we have lived. Later on, when we attain to the loftier Planes of Consciousness, we discover that there is such a thing as a Group Oversoul, that contains the mass achievements of all components, to which we contribute our own quota of experiencings to help make up the totality.

Suppose we have this paper on Introspection and see if it services us in this inquiry regarding our life-errands each and severally. Particularly do I recommend that you pay heed to the closing paragraphs. For they contain a homily that I shall dwell upon in Commentary . . .

THE REVELATION

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN IN MORTALITY:



HERE is in every soul the capacity for a keen self-appraisal. But in no two persons does it manifest. Furthermore, the man is rare in whom the appraisal of self is exactly the same as that accorded him by what he terms the "world". This difference in self-appraisal makes for queer and often influential conditions in the otherwise normal person. It leads him to believe that he is greater or lesser in degrees of attainments than those about him will concede for him. This reacts on him either as a criticism of himself or a criticism of society. Always it confuses him. And this confusion causes malformations in his deportment toward his fellows.

In nine cases out of ten such a person, who is merely confused by what is proper and accurate in self-evaluation, will be labeled an erotic. The term is viciously unfair. So-called Eroticism is not what the world accredits at all. The "erotic" soul, unable to determine what a true evaluation of himself may be, goes on from blunder to blunder.

Erotic people, on the whole, are quite normal people in most respects, but they have a natural inclination for estimating themselves by their beliefs in what they *could* accomplish under ideal conditions instead of estimating themselves by what is possible for them to accomplish in the world as they find it.

People who criticize themselves overmuch, and are therefore labeled Introspectives, are uniformly doing something which the world too little grasps. They are striving to hoist themselves by their own bootstraps in Karma, as it were, instead of using the stairs or ladders provided by society.

Now what do we mean when we say a person is either introspective or erotic? We mean that he uses his present or past attainments as the measuring-stick for that which he exhibits. He does not accredit that the true function of the world may be to accost him on occasions and demand:

"Who are you, anyway? What excuse have you for living in the world?"

What does your particular existence amount to, *and how do you know?* Are you estimating yourself and your value to the universe by actual performance in relation to others, or are you estimating yourself by what you dream of performing in the privacy of your own mental and spiritual processes?"

The supersensitive person is usually the latter type of erotic, to a degree. He is forever comparing himself *to himself, instead of comparing himself to the world* as he finds it filled with similar human beings of all shades and degrees of exhibiting. In this he is negating his true worldly mission, or the objectives and lessons which he came into life to gain.

Now it is not always possible for people to attain their full life ends. But one and all can admit this: that they have come into the mortal arena to profit from what they find in it, else they never would have gone to the trouble of getting themselves born. They are in life to profit from the experiences which it brings them.

How then can they do this excepting as they observe the traits, habits, and reactions of other men, their behavior and performances under different conditions of living, and adjudge or conduct themselves according to the program of general human activities which they behold being followed by all those about them?

THIS may seem hard for the moment for the supersensitive person to grasp. But people of supersensitive or introspective natures should examine, not themselves inwardly, but their behavior in regard to the behavior of others.

People of supersensitive natures should say to themselves in each case: "I have come into this world where there are millions of sentient creatures like myself, at least in their physical fundamentals and mental processes. All of us must be here for some constructive purpose, since everywhere in Nature there is a progressive evolutionary movement. Now what can that purpose possibly be? I and others find ourselves beset on every hand with conditions that are not to our liking. We are confronted with cruel problems in that failure to find their solutions terrifies us. We find ourselves unloved by those we would like to have love us. Often we find our bodies

possessed of strange inclinations and impulses that make them traitors to our spiritual development. Life appears constantly as a hopeless jumble. What on earth is the trouble?"

But their questioning should not stop there. They should go on reasoning thus: "Is it not true, or may it not be true in my own case at least, that somehow or other I am picturing to myself an idealized state of society in which I might better be dwelling, that is chiefly my heritage from happier life sequences I have previously lived, of which I have projected for myself in Thought Reality between my many mortal sojourns? Now then, in thus exhibiting my idealisms so manufactured, what am I truly doing in this life-span of the present? Am I not trying to live in a world of my own thought-creation, and superimposing it upon the mortal world as I find it by a sort of force, the force of my own will power shown by my inward disgruntlement when I discover that the world of mortality will by no means conform? In this idealized world of my own manufacture, I naturally think of myself as more or less perfect. At least I am quite satisfactory to myself in the matter of my mental and spiritual attainments. Moreover, the world which I thus project in fancy is likewise more or less satisfying to me, since I am its creator. *But is it all true?* What guide have I to go by, that I am thinking or reasoning honestly and correctly? Is there any test that I can apply to myself, or to this world of my own projection, that proves either to be precisely what I think it?"

When any given soul has reasoned thus far, he has come into a cognizance of that very thing which he entered this universe of practical affairs to get. And what do we mean by "practical" affairs?

We mean a world where things are what they *are*, not merely as they *appear*. We might create an entire universe in our own thought process and people it with a million replicas of ourselves. That is by no means saying that we would be projecting a true universe, or rather, a universe that responded accurately to Divine Fiats as to what a true universe should comprise.

Consider this: there must be a true reason why men and women come into earthly life at all. What can that reason be? Each one of them knows that it is not a world which he or she has made himself or herself. The very antagonistic nature of it proves that. For if each of us were given

our choice, we would certainly be sensible enough to create a world of minimum discomfort to ourselves. Meaning to say that we would create a world which would peculiarly adapt itself to our own "traits of occupancy" while in it.

Instead, we discover that we are in a world that does not accord with our own pet notions or fixations, and we are inclined to be very wroth with it. We do not stop to reason out that this world of mortal reality may be a projection of the God-Thought about the matter, that we are living and experiencing in the mortal tenure for the purpose of getting our own notions altered so that they correspond to the true God Notion of what a world should be in order to be of maximum profit, physically, mentally, and spiritually, to the greatest numbers of persons in it.

No, on the whole we are thinking strictly of ourselves. We manufacture, or would manufacture, a little personal world, without much space in it for the rights or properties of other persons. We would have them all be very like ourselves or get out of our world and be no part of it. We would label them disturbing elements.

Now that would be all right for a little time, a very little time. But much, much would be lacking in such a world. For one thing, there would be no measuring-sticks for human character. Or rather, there would be no opposition, either natural or personal, by which we could adjudge ourselves as being alive at all.

Remember that we are what we are because of the experiences we have had in coming in contact with other persons, more or less developed than ourselves. It is this very difference, this variation of human attainments, that makes for ourselves being aware that we are alive—or the degree with which we recognize that we are alive.

Now the erotic, the introspective person, or the supersensitive person negates and ignores the very thing that has made him to date come into an awareness of himself. He has built, or is building, a tiny little world of his own imagining, his own picturing, his own patterning. He is making himself circumscribed by the limits of conscience which he is conceiving, belittling himself to himself, or magnifying his own traits of character to himself, and generally getting nowhere if he could only be truly aware of it.

He is transcribing himself to himself in terms of himself instead of using the divine measuring-stick on character and character development which the God of the True Universe has provided for him in his especial instance. And that is, *other people*—other people and the manner in which they live their lives as contraposed to the way the introspective individual imagines he would live his life to himself if left utterly alone.

Now those who live perpetually on the Bridges Between the Worlds, so to speak, or in higher states of matter and character development beyond the mortal, have a very bitter crow to pick with those who thus envision life. They, the Eternal Mentors, know that such introspective and supersensitive people are injuring themselves terribly in that they are letting themselves stand still, spiritually speaking. They are saying: "Thus far we have progressed in our lordly contacts with other persons in previous lives. But suddenly we rest on our oars of rowing toward the eternal benefaction that awaits us in higher character development. We want lassitude and quiescence that we may indulge ourselves needlessly in that which we have already attained, or which we imagine other men have attained. We go no further forward. We are quite content to look inward upon ourselves and declare that we are more or less perfect, while all the time the God of Things as They Are knows that we are not perfect and never can be perfect in a world of mortal acclaiming of Self." This being the case, those who look down upon mortal society have a sizable grudge against such complacency in that they know it snarls up otherwise progressive lives of those who are living correctly and constructively, pushing onward irrevocably and grasping new opportunities for bringing out the best within themselves and within their species. This the introspectives have no right or license to do. They are, in a manner of speaking, bombastic. Certainly they are not clever. They are disrupting or hindering the whole Parade that is mortal existence, made up of millions of marchers, and refusing to go forward themselves unless the Parade goes where they want it to go, stepping to the music which they particularly fancy, and serving only the purposes which they have called up.

They forget that every other unit making up that Parade has just as much right as themselves to insist on the same procedure in the same items. They

ignore all the rest of humanity and insist that worldly performance shall proceed after their own bill of particulars, rendered because of certain experiences which they have undergone and which have resulted in making them the distinctive characters which they are.

On the other hand, they would not know that they are distinctive characters unless they had the rest of humanity as a background for their own estimates or exhibits of individuality.

THE VICIOUSNESS of the whole program adopted by supersensitive or introspective persons lies in the fact that their whole philosophy toward life is one of escape from the standards for true progress which the Almighty has set up in His infinitely superior wisdom exercised toward all humanity.

They do not fancy the Almighty's world that takes into consideration all other persons. It seems to be a world of surface cruelty and unfairness to their own small egos; it circumscribes their "free" expression by the dictates of reasonably organized society; it shackles them with handicap that requires the expenditure of mental, spiritual or even physical energy to overcome. And they do not want to expend energy of any sort, regardless of the fact that such expenditure constantly strengthens them and improves on the very individuality which they cherish so indulgently. They prefer to consider themselves already perfect, in a little Thought World which they conceive as perfect, but which really is the epitome of weakness and disintegrating individuality, since it results in a sort of spiritual interbreeding that devitalizes and emasculates their characters.

The secular psychologist provides a recipe against this by telling such people to forget themselves, to get interested others, to look outward and not inward. But that is only putting a philosophical poultice on an external eruption instead of going down into the bloodstream and observing what microbia are working there.

The true recipe for the supersensitive or introspective person would be for him to face the facts about himself and recognize that he is crystallizing his past idealisms into a world of his own making, that is grievously lacking in that factor of major importance making God's True World the proper

universe of reality that it is. And that factor of major importance is the item of about two and a half billion other souls who must be taken into consideration and provided for, that they too may have taken an arena for *their* self-expressions.

When the supersensitive or introspective takes *these* into his reckoning, he suddenly realizes that he approximates a world that is the exact prototype of the one which the Almighty has already projected.

In other words, the supersensitive's world is a world with all the other people in the universe left out. And to escape periodically or completely into such a world would mean not only the annihilation of character but eventually the annihilation of consciousness itself.

YOU ARE told from the Higher Dimensions that supersensitives and introspectives, those whom the world terms Erotics, are merely normal persons whose characters are lacking in the proper quota of moral courage. They fear new experiences, they dread new contacts with new people, it makes them break out in a cold perspiration to be suddenly thrust into the limelight, whether to play music at a social gathering or make an impromptu speech at a banquet. They have lived in the little "perfect" world of their own Thought Creation for so long that they have lost their abilities to exhibit publically, thus disclosing how very imperfect they truly are. They have weakened and emasculated themselves by living in their own little private universes, that they cannot adapt themselves to a world where millions of others like themselves are primary factors. When such a public exhibit is thus forced upon them by circumstances, they forget that it is a measuring-stick of the "perfection" they have been mentally imagining for themselves, and flee still more swiftly into the recesses of spirit.

Such people uniformly turn to their own bodily processes to give them vicarious reaction to the physical world in which they are living. They let their physical functions take the place of social functioning in their philosophies. They know the inadequacy of the former to provide true measuring-sticks for them and so they magnify them in their thinking. Soon the world is labeling them introverts and perverts when they are really

nothing of the kind. They have simply missed the point as to why they have really come into life.

They really came into life to have social contact with the other two and one-half billions that are in life at the same time for similar contacts with *them*, and for a similar reason. This social contact provides them with accurate estimates of their true mental and spiritual attainments. The world, in other words, measures them for their real worth, whether they assent to such appraisal or not. And instead of noting those appraisals and setting about improving themselves accordingly, they run away into spiritual seclusion and hide from reality like a frightened puppy beneath a divan.

NOW SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS, considered in this light, is nothing but a person's knowledge that all of the foregoing is quite true and that something should be done about it. But dwelling within themselves overmuch, they have pictured so many bugaboos as existing in the world of Reality that they have become foolishly fear-struck, and this fear has been permitted to become the ruling emotion in their lives.

They are constantly in panic that those things which they have *imagined* from cloistered retreat of their own spirits as happening to injure them, will suddenly appear and defeat or devour them.

They constantly forget that the world from which they continually flee is only composed of two and one-half billions of human beings not one whit different from themselves.

It is an old adage in war: "Remember the enemy is equally as scared of you as you are scared of the enemy." That is a truth that applies with the same potency to the warfare that is earthly living. The world is made up of infinite numbers of people, quite true. But they are people of exactly the same hopes, timidities, panics, and aspirations, as ourselves. All the other people in the world are equally afraid of *us*, and self-conscious in *our* presences.

Frequently it breaks through with a sort of shock to some people to learn this truth. They have conjured up humanity in their own minds as a great indefinable monster made of different attributes and temperaments that

are only waiting to wreck or belittle them. They are really afraid of those "powers" which they themselves have accorded to humanity.

The man without self-consciousness is the man who has grasped the size and power of himself in relation to the universe, not the size and power of the universe in relation to himself. So-called "leaders" have learned to their amazement how easy it is to play up to the fear that the individual has of the mass, knowing that the mass is nothing but one person multiplied many times.

Instead of being hurt by every little wisp of adverse comment, or terrified by the bugaboos of the Social Monster, self-conscious, supersensitive, introspective persons should look upon their experience in life as a chance to learn how child-like and naive human nature is, and how stupefyingly easy it is to impress, control, or command it when the thought is kept constantly in mind that all other people are merely replicas of one's self.

THE COMMENTARY

DEAR SOULCRAFT STUDENTS:

THE SUM and substance of the foregoing is the enlightenment from the Higher Side of life that gaining specific knowledge of "our mortal errands to ourselves" is not to be procured from dwelling introspectively on ourselves, hoping thereby that the information comes through. The subconscious or Eternal Mind is not thus persuaded to give up its knowledge of worldly purpose. All we do by "looking within ourselves" is get a comparison of our current characters with all the experiences contained within ourselves to the moment. And this gets us nowhere, since it only sets up our own karmic record as the standard by which we judge our attainments. And that is no record at all, judged from every practical standpoint. Probably the thing that most introspective people would obtain is what is being dispensed via the Soulcraft Fellowship to a comparative few who are equipped to take it: to wit, The processes of Consciousness on the

Higher Planes, and what is being performed when the psyche decides to take stock of itself and undergo a fresh earthly tenure, if needs be, to strengthen or perfect it in some aspect wherein it is deficient.

This invites a thorough study of the etheric body and the etheric intellect, which shows that mortal brain-mind has nothing in it to meet the exactions of the etheric intellect, respond to them, and deliver to the conscious mind in any life the secrets stored in etheric intellect which had been responsible for bringing the incarnation about.

What the current mortal mind in each individual would like to have delivered to it in full consciousness, is the mental processing it underwent on planes of spirit which resulted in a decision to enter another fleshly vehicle and undergo experiences perfecting it in items wherein it considered itself deficient. Looking into the character introspectively, thereby taking it for granted that such disclosures will be forthcoming, is operating without a knowledge of what happens on the Thought Planes.

There is no way of bringing through into the current mortal mind the mental performings of the Etheric Personality, excepting the removal of the current physical mentality altogether, so that Etheric Mind can operate apart and separated from it.

THIS is what occurs in Hypnotherapy.

Hypnotherapy is only employed legitimately when the psyche has encountered conditions which it cannot surmount by itself but requires the complete elimination of the physical-brain to arrive at an uncircumscribed knowledge of what may have been within Etheric Mind in the original instance.

Hypnotherapy "puts the mortal mind into amnesia of a sort" that the Eternal Mind may express itself without having to employ the instrumentality of an earth-mind which insists on intruding current personality every step of the way. It gives expression to the Eternal Personality. But the *modus operandi* is not by introspection, or an erotic "looking into the self." In such event, physical or mortal mind still operates. What the subject wants is the total elimination of mortal mind, in every phase and aspect. Only *then* can the eternal psyche-mind get free expression.

Putting the physical mind to "sleep" and thereby giving the Eternal Mind free expression, purely from reasons having to do with Curiosity—which includes confirmation that the Soul is following the edicts of prenatal Etheric Mind without default—is never to be indulged in promiscuously. Not only are psychic centers opened or disturbed but there is always the danger than the prenatal or etheric mind "won't go back to sleep" but its insistences plague or harass the physical brain and bring about a total prostitution of the current life-intent. Therefore whoever "opens the etheric mind" of any given patient, does so at his own karmic risk, or likelihood of being made a party to karma resulting.

Summing it up, Introspection is a sterile and futile method for determining our life errands. Hypnotherapy is debatable because an emergency expedient. There would seem to be other cues and guide-lamps that are more common and reliable. I would discuss these with you in a forthcoming Script . .

The Divine Teacher Speaks



MY DEARLY Beloved: Perceive ye not that a goodly heritage is born unto men, that they shall see the works of the constructive ones and hasten to assure themselves of their own divinity by performance in due season?

I say unto you, that ye do have a crown and a garland in this: that ye manifest your works, and that ye do manifest, ye do copy for earth that which hath decree in the Books of the Eternal.

Shall ye not perceive that life answereth to life? . . . that man hath a fortune not to be too eager?



Arise and shine in this, that ye do the will of your Father in heaven, who maketh the rain to descend unto the ground that all life may have pattern, yea even the soil that is lower than humanity.

I bid that ye grasp Tranquillity, knowing that all things in their places make the Peace of Understanding.

Think ye that when I said, What is written is Written, I meant to defile your bosoms with worries? that I spake not of benefactions? that I laid a toll on you to vex your discernments?

I tell you that Father and Son have decreed glories for you when ye come into knowledge of that which hath purpose.

Trust not in him who saith unto you, All will be well with you if ye do but suffer. I say unto you rather, All will be well with you if ye do encompass that which hath meaning for the growth of your godhood.

Let your light so shine before your brethren that they see in you the Father who worketh with order in that which He performeth.

I come unto you speaking a song of thanksgiving, I come unto you singing an anthem of valor.

Behold the Father hath said that he who overcometh, createth a mountain on which he standeth when the days that are evil make a draught on His mercy.

I say unto you, happiness awaiteth the rider of the whirlwind. Behold, he who is valiant delighteth in that circumstance that trieth his mettle.

For man hath no knowledge of when the whirlwind approacheth, but the whirlwind showeth mercy unto those who have courage.

Whenever was it said unto you that knowledge hath no recompense—even the knowledge of storm at its zenith? I tell you that knowledge maketh its judgment seat.

Aspire and achieve! Endure and take profit! Open and pass from the dark vaults of cowardice! There cometh a day when the union is complete of that which hath been separate.

Augment well your knowledge with perceivings of the Infinite: thus shall it be said that they who aspired did find achievement.

Oft was it known of old that the righteous had reward, but the righteous man was cowed; he knew not its season.

I say the season ripeneth: when the true day manifesteth when ignorance shall be scattered before the whirlwinds of radiance, ride ye the tempest and know your benefactions. . . .

Do ye perceive a tumult now? I say it is in your hearts. Doth a great misery mount unto your hearing? I say that it behooveth you to know that ye do raise it out of circumstance, not knowing your destinies.

Harken unto the truth with the ear of understanding: That which cometh, cometh! That which is recorded, maketh the past and present one substance. Arise and be glad that there come unto your souls the sweet singings of the prophets: that the evil man hath meaning, that the goodly man hath promise of favors yet to be.

I am that I am! I am he whom ye love! I tell you that even as ye do love me, ye do live until Morning, till the new day is radiant, till the dove of peace descendeth and earth's darkness hath been scattered.

Live for that Morning! Rejoice that it dawneth. If your livings were futile, would I beggar you with mockeries?

Verily did I live that ye might know life also. We do the Father's work though the earthly night hold wrackings.

I come unto you in silence; I come unto you in song; I come pronouncing Peace that all the earth may drink it.

I come unto you saying that thrice forty days in a wilderness of doubt have ye trodden in a blindness; yea have ye gone a weary mile for me that those of lost pathways might know reclamation.

I tell you now there cometh unto you a scene for aching eyelids, in that the mighty discern their error, that the righteous shall lead them to uplands of vision, that out of their wilderness cometh a pathway that maketh of mountains a track unto splendor.

Beloved, perceive me! Thrice forty days shall ye know the defilement; thrice forty days shall the evil encompass you;

Behold then there come the Fathers' angels unto you, dispensers of compassions; they shall show you the pathway, they shall give you the vision.

I speak not as one whose time-piece is faulty; neither speak I unto you in terms of earthly hours; I speak as a prophet who hath knowledge of ether: I speak as a seer who hath his discernments.

Presently come unto you earthly messengers who say: The earth hath a pestilence, the times have an augury; behold the world conqueror maketh his decision, he goeth into battle and summoneth his cohorts; be ye of his cohorts or presently he rendeth you!

I tell you, beloved, the beseechment hath a falsehood. The times have no augury bespeaking defilements; neither hold they mischief that delighteth in your torment.

The times hold a whirlwind that beggareth your intellect, but I say the gale hath meaning: it cleareth the stubble for mansions of splendor, it openeth the caverns that pour out their riches.

Have I not said that ye live in a whirlwind? can the gale do a damage to that which is its essence? doth it not purge that good may spring up? hath it not vigilance that Nature be cleanly?

I say again, beloved, that ye are that whirlwind: ye partake of its essence: ye do sweep and have power: ye do speak and it ceaseth:

Thus the world greeteth calm.

Ye are the might of the gale which consumeth; ye do ride your own shoulders and Cæsar doeth homage; he who delighteth in confusions shall know you; ye shall rise up in power and the forests receive you.

Presently cometh a thrice angry whirlwind; it riseth again you: it speweth its temper: it soweth its ruin and vaunteth its evil;

It saith, Behold I am lord, for do I not conquer?

I tell you, beloved, it conquereth not. It maketh a vortex as it reacheth the righteous. There it subsideth and endeth in vauntings.

What manner of man amongst you would lay down his life for a vision of madness? what manner of man would go forth from amongst you to battle a vortex that hath only emptiness?

So shall it be in the days that receive you. Ye are come into a knowledge of that which happeneth. Ye do homage unto Cæsar whose kingship hath ended. Ye receive mighty minions who prate of their vassalage, though the might of the conqueror hath met its defilement.

Arise in your splendor and declare your own augury! Make peace with the conqueror who lieth within you! Let the evil days come and work you a mischief; I tell you they are shortened, but ye do the shortening.

I speak with a knowledge that maketh you to marvel when that which is godlike hath run its high cycle.

Would ye make war against your own spirits? would ye defile your own temples of splendor, yea even those temples where my Spirit abideth?

Behold that ye lie on the childbed of circumstance whose end hath a born-
ing in the son of compassion!

Arise and bestow on that child a goodly parenthood. Make it an augury that the gale hath a blowing, but take to your glove the control of that tempest;

For lo it hath been prophesied that one shouldst come among you whose mission hath deliverance; he cometh in that calm which bestoweth peace on tumult; he cometh in that light which giveth shine to radiance;

How cometh he then if that gale be in vortex? How shineth he then if your eyes have no vision?

I say that it shall be made known unto you that he who receiveth the times with tranquillity, maketh the heaven wherein he escapeth them.

Ye do marvel, beloved, that the days be not shortened. I say that ye do shorten them by your measure of progression, that ye do come from their dolour and walk in a brilliance, yea even that brilliance which bestoweth on you luxury.

Arise and take the knowledge of that which cometh unto you. Treat with it as a promise of that which happeneth when the proud have been felled by the blade of their own arrogance; rejoice with me and know a great pleasure that ye speak a mighty watchword:

Lo, the Son of Man cometh to give thought unto the lowly; let him who would be saved make his peace with the whirlwind!

PEACE



The New Creed

ERROR moves in cycles; Truth moves in spirals. Ignorance lags in stalemates; Wisdom rolls in billows. Every few hundred years the religions of the world become formalized. When the heartbeat of Spirit is at its lowest rate, then comes Truth anew, flashed unto humankind as a beacon in vast darkness ✠ Always it is the same Doctrine, though it wear a score of guises: Man lives many lives on earth and thereby perfects himself to know the Heavens of Higher Octaves. Spirit is eternal, existing both ways from the present. Consciousness grows to self-knowledge through function. Pain is ennobling; suffering is valorous. High above humanity hover Great Avatars; they shepherd the nations from suicidal excess even as they keep the babe from the cliff-edge ✠ Potentates of Valor arise and combat the allegation that such excellencies are heresies. Humanity slays them, but in slaying them it profits them. Martyrs are troglodytes, learning to be Saviors ✠ Who shall say where and when the Doctrine shall appear afresh? The Voice may speak from a Burning Bush on a Midian hillside or from the mysteries of Clairaudience in the attic of a city ✠ God is not anywhere. God is Everywhere! As for the Kingdom of Heaven, it is not to be found outside your own graciousness ✠ Thus the Liberation Doctrine—scroll unto freedom! Old worlds disintegrate, old fetishes wobble; out of the womb of Time and Change is born the fresh majesty of Wisdom Ennobled ✠ God be merciful unto the least of us, for we are the Bigoted, enraged at proffered splendors ✠

Valor

The Soulcraft Magazine



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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

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